☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD

## WHO IS HE? EH?

Behold him as he walks the streets,
With head erect,
Saluted by the boys he meets
With great respect.

His large blue eyes with pride aglow,
And lofty air,
He seems a master spirit, though
His feet are bare.

How jauntily his hat he wears,
The back pulled down,
Although some tufts of reddish hairs
Peep through the crown!

Now who may be this lovely bud?
Your ear incline:
He's captain of the champion club,
The small boys' "nine."

—*Boston Courier.*

## MY FEAR.

I have six children, and three are dead;
And three are out in the mad world's din
Selling muscle and brain for daily bread,
In deadly odds with want and sin.

Life grudges to each the little asked—
So scantily dealing each pitiful dole
Till it seems to be sometimes as if the price
Of living were paid with blood or soul.

For the other three, I raise no plaint;
Sheltered close in a fold so warm and deep
That the ceaseless moan of the world's unrest
Touches not the calm of their tender sleep.

And nightly my tired heart has turned
To these six of mine, and nightly said:
"*All of my fear is for those who live,*
*And none of my fear for the sheltered dead.*"

—*J. H. Kennedy, in Current.*

## A USEFUL LESSON.

### Taught by the Interference of a Gossipy Spinster.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little shapely hand, a brand-new ten-dollar bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter," he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker." "Now what is it."

Betty, who just began to change the sigh into a merry little laugh, rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and with a small jerk, no way conciliating, sent out the words:

"You needn't insinuate, John, that I'm always troublesome!"

"I didn't insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation. "It's you yourself that's forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to put it on me—it's really abominable!"

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into her's were not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty, with two big red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little erect figure up to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you. Oh, now you can, of course!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John, in great excitement, drawing nearer to the small creature he called wife, who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can't endure everything!"

"And if you bear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why, then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again.

Here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two, who, but a year before, had promised to love and protect and help each other through life!

"Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes, only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!"

His face was very pale, and the lines around the mouth so drawn that it would have gone to any one's heart to have seen their expression.

"I don't know how you will change it, or help it," said Betty, lightly, to conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure!" and she pushed back the light, waving hair from her forehead with a saucy, indifferent gesture.

That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her when tired or disheartened, and called her "child." Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny locks and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying:

"There is no help for it now, I suppose."

"Oh, yes there is," said Betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care."

"What do you mean?"

Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a long, long minute, then dropped her arm, and said, through white lips very slowly:

"Yes, it may be, as you say, better all around. You know best," and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the ten-dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and, flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life.

"How could he have done it—oh, what have I said? Oh, John, John!"

The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed-cup that very morning, how he laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair he took her in his arms and held her up, just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself. And the "bits" that he had said in his tender way, they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit. And now!

Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her rosy ears to shut out the bird's chirping.

"If he knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays—nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited, and a voice out in the little kitchen cried:

"Betty!"

Betty sprang up, choked back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelvemonth previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as housekeeping, dressmaking and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of news-gatherer, at one and the same time, pretty effectually.

She always called her by her first name, though Betty resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk!

But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carrion after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work, if devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying!" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking-chair with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy—but la! I wouldn't mind—I know 'tain't your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this? John and she not to live happy! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so often—a story in everybody's mouth? With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that, was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin', so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure!"

"You tell folks so!" repeated Betty vaguely, and standing quite still. "What? I don't understand you."

"Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say, says I, why they couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then, I tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, and—"

"And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extremest height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair that she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eye and face rosy with indignation; her only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised, but could not stop. But she was forced to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair and blocked up the way, so she slunk back into the smallest corner of it and took it as best she could. "My husband!" cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun—at least, if they were to part she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last moment, and then, when the time did come, why people should know that it wasn't John's fault—"the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that ever was given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him; I've been cross, impatient, and—"

"Hold!" cried a voice, "you're talking against my wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms and folded her to his heart right before the old maid.

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And now that you've learned all that you can," said John, turning around to her, still holding Betty, "why—you may go!"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

"Betty," said John some half-hour afterward, "what was the sigh for. I don't care now, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't."

Bettie smile and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bed room she presently returned, still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel. This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after to-morrow is your birth-day!"

"So 'tis!" said John. "Gracious, has it come round so soon?"

"And, you dear boy," said Betty, shaking out before his eyes a pretty brown affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing-gown, "this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for oh, I didn't want you to know!"

John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again he said perplexedly, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes:

"But I don't see, Betty, what this thing," laying one finger on the dressing-gown, "had to do with the sigh?"

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes that for a moment she could not finish. "Oh, John, I was worrying so over those buttons! They weren't good, but they were the best I could do then. And I'd only bought them yesterday. Two whole dozen. And when you put that ten dollar bill in my hand I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I hadn't waited buying them till to-day."

John caught up the little woman, dressing-gown and all. I don't think they have ever quarreled since—at least I have never heard of it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## A GREAT IRON FAMILY.

### Some Interesting Facts About the Grubb Estate in Pennsylvania.

On the 26th of May, writes a Lancaster, Pa., correspondent, Clement Brook Grubb repurchased the old Mount Hope furnace property in this county, for the sum of $300,000 cash. This is one of the finest old iron properties in this country, embracing 2,500 acres of land, with fine farm, and the mansion, although built by Henry Bates Grubb nearly one hundred years ago, is one of the finest in the State, and is really of modern style, having an immense hall and ceilings fifteen feet high throughout. It is situated on an eminence which affords a front view of almost unprecedented beauty and grandeur extending to and over the city of Lancaster, which city is fifteen miles distant, and it is flanked on the east by a beautiful and extensive terraced lawn and garden, making it one of the most lovely summer residences possible to conceive. The connection of this estate with the great Cornwall ore mines, in which it has a perpetual right for a full supply of ore, is what gives it its great commercial value, and the desire to again possess the old homestead where he was born, and to regain that ore right which was conveyed by him to his brother, A. Bates Grubb, more than thirty years ago, induced Mr. Grubb to make the purchase.

Mr. Grubb is now, by inheritance, the patriarchal ironmaster of the United States, being the oldest member of the oldest iron family in this country. His great-great-grandfather, Peter Grubb, came from Wales, near Cornwall, to this country in 1679, and made large purchases of land in what are now Lebanon and Lancaster Counties, from the Indians, and subsequently had the titles confirmed by William Penn, and upon one of these tracts he found an immense deposit of iron ore, which he named Cornwall, and which mine is still the wonder and admiration of all who visit it. Mr. Isaac Lowthian Bell, M. P., and the greatest ironmaster in England, and whose opinion is considered authority throughout the world, told me when he was in this country in 1876 that he had visited most of the great iron mines in the world, including those of Spain, Algeria, the continent of Europe, England, Scotland and Wales, and many in this country, including those of Alabama and the iron mountain of Missouri, and then said: "But Cornwall bears the palm as the greatest iron mountain in the world." From geological investigation, aided by tests made with the diamond drill, it has been pretty well demonstrated that Cornwall can produce 500,000 tons of ore per year for three hundred years to come. The original Cornwall furnace was built by Cirtus Grubb in 1725, who operated it for many years. Peter Grubb, the second, built Mount Hope furnace in 1784. The Cornwall ore mines are now owned and worked by the families of the Grubbs and Colemans under the head of the "Cornwall Ore Bank Company."—*Philadelphia Times.*

## COOLING THE CELLARS.

### A Common Mistake in Ventilating Cellar and Milk Houses.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead, the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool; but as it fills the cellar, the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful—it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of a cellar is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk-room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather. A bushel of lime absorbs twenty-seven pounds of water, and still appears as a dry powder. In this condition it will be very useful to spread over the garden or lawn, or around fruit trees, or it may be used for white-wash. This precaution is often necessary in the dairy, because of the prevalence, where air is damp, of mildews, and the various forms of mold. The orange and red kinds of mold especially, which sometimes form upon the butter.—*American Agriculturist.*

## COFFINS ON HIS SHAVING CUP.

### An Undertaker's Coat-of-Arms the Jewel of the Barber's Shop.

A young man in want of a shave recently went into a little barber-shop in Harlem, sat down in a chair, leaned back, and was about to shut his eyes to keep the lather out, when they fell upon an array of wonderfully decorated shaving cups. On one was the picture of a hearse, flanked by two upright coffins; on another was a dummy engine starting on a section of the elevated road, and others displayed pictures of a milk wagon, a tombstone, a saw, or a trowel. The barber explained that the hearse and coffin cup belonged to an undertaker with an eye to business, who had got enough custom from his novel advertisement to pay his shaving bill for the next ten years. An engineer on the elevated road owned the cup with the dummy engine on it. The other cups belonged to a milk dealer, a stonecutter, a carpenter, and a bricklayer. The barber said he had an order for a cup from a neighboring shoemaker which would eclipse all the other cups. It would contain a tiny photograph of the shoemaker on a swinging sign, bearing his name and the legend, "Repairing neatly done."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Jelly Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of warm water, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one half teaspoonful of soda. Bake in round jelly tins.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## SMALL FRUITS.

### Their Value for Use in the Household—Interesting Calculations.

There has been a great change for the better in the amount of fruit consumed by the American people within the last twenty years. Take, for example, the case of a small Western town in which I lived for many years. Twenty years ago strawberries were brought there from a neighboring city, a bushel or two at a time, and were very slow of sale at six cents per quart. Now there are a dozen or more grocerymen, each of whom displays in front of his store more strawberries every day through the season than were required to glut the market of the whole town then. Many families buy them freely, and eat them three times a day, cutting down their meat bills, to the annoyance of the butchers but to the advantage of their health. This improvement has spread to the country to some extent, and many farmers grow an abundant supply for their own use, while others buy largely. But there are still many who are so far behind the age as not to appreciate the advantage of having plenty of good, fresh, ripe fruit in hot weather. No matter how much cholera there may be in the land, the use of freshly picked, thoroughly ripened berries, in reasonable quantities, will be a benefit instead of an injury.

Others, who enjoy a generously filled dish of fine berries, say that it costs too much to grow them, and that they can buy cheaper than they can raise them. This might be true in the case of business men in town, who would be obliged to hire all the work done, but it is never true in the case of a farmer. The result is, invariably, that the family has a very short allowance of fruit. For a family of six persons eight quarts of strawberries per day is not an extravagant allowance. The season usually lasts from three to four weeks. Call it only twenty days. Eight quarts per day for that time, at ten cents per quart, which is a low retail price, amounts to $16. The raspberry season lasts from two to three weeks. People do not use them as freely as strawberries; but allowing one-half the quantity for ten days at the same price, and we have $24. Then come blackberries for two or three weeks more. Four quarts of these per day for twenty days amounts to $8, making a total for the three kinds of berries of $28. And in this there is no allowance for berries for canning. The quantity I have allowed is not larger than I have known to be bought, and is less than is used in many families who have fruit of their own growing. Nor have I made any allowance for currants or grapes, though both are in common daily use in their season.

Very few farmers would feel that they could afford to supply their families with fruit at such an expense as above estimated. Yet they might provide a much more bountiful supply of all at an annual expense of less than one-fourth the amount. The first expense may be considerable, especially if it is necessary to buy all the plants. But after that the only expense necessary will be the labor needed to keep the beds clear, and to renew them whenever they become too old to be kept profitably.

A strawberry bed of 500 plants ought to yield a daily picking of ten quarts for three weeks or more. One hundred raspberry bushes, after reaching full size, should furnish six or eight quarts per day for two weeks; 100 blackberry plants at three years of age should yield from eight to ten or more quarts per day for two or three weeks. All of the above plants can be grown on a strip of land sixty feet wide by one hundred feet long. In making this calculation I have allowed for plenty of room for horse cultivation.—*W. C. Steele, in N. Y. Examiner.*

## SORREL.

### How This Troublesome Weed May Be Eradicated.

Many farmers are troubled by the growth of sorrel in their fields, which, when allowed to spread without check, becomes very difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate. The growth of this weed is a sure sign of poor or worn-out soil. It is a common error that the presence of oxalic acid in sorrel is due to the "sourness" of the soil. A little thought will show that this idea is fallacious. The same soil that grows strawberries will produce rhubarb, an own cousin to sorrel, in profusion; the same tree will bear a sweet apple and a sour one, and so on with all farm products. The chemical constituents of the acid of the sorrel are in the soil, but are not combined in the acid shape. The same elements which make one plant or fruit sweet will make the sorrel sour. One of the common remedies recommended for use in eradicating sorrel is lime, the idea being to neutralize the acid supposed to exist in the soil by the application of alkali. To be sure, the lime may be of use in decomposing the vegetable matter in the soil, and so encourage the growth of other plants which will tend to choke out the undesirable weed, but not in the way supposed. Sorrel spreads, like some other plants, chiefly by underground stems with joints, each one of which will form a plant. The only practical way to rid a field of this weed is by thorough cultivation and frequent plowing, together with the growth of hoed crops for a season or two. Heavy applications of barnyard manure should be made, and it should be well worked in. An abundance of food for the support of other plants is thus furnished, and when they are grown, in conjunction with careful cultivation, the sorrel will soon disappear.—*Chicago Times.*

## Self-Help.

How futile often are our endeavors to secure a happy, prosperous or independent future for those we leave behind us! In fact, it often seems that extreme caution in this respect defeats itself. The best legacy to children is Self-help. Bank-stock is nothing to it. That may take wings; but the energy to which disaster is only an incentive to effort, that is of itself a fortune. We look with tender eyes upon those we leave, and sigh to think we may, perchance, not be on the shore when they launch their little barks, forgetting him who holds the winds in his hands and regards the fall of the sparrow. Said a good mother once, in reply to such anxious fears: "I have got beyond that. Should I be taken away from my children before their maturity, very likely some one who will see faults to which I should have been blind, will do for them far better than I should. I have thought it all over, and can trust Him."—*Chicago Standard.*

—Oil thrown into ponds and standing water will prevent mosquitoes from hatching.—*Philadelphia Press.*

## COOKING FOR THE PRESIDENT.

### The White House Kitchen and the Way Things Are Done In It.

In the basement of the White House, on the north side, are situated the kitchen, laundry and bed-rooms of the President's household. A French cook presides in the kitchen, and all his surroundings are as neat as could be imagined. There was not a speck of dirt visible when a *Post* reporter went through the room one day last week, and the chief, as he delights to be called, was anxious to point out all the details of his department.

Very little trouble has been experienced under the change of administration, and the President has not manifested any disapproval of the delicate dishes prepared for him by the cook of his predecessor. Including the steward there are four servants in the employ of the President, and when there is a rush in the laundry the woman in charge has authority to employ assistants. It would be difficult to find brighter tins or cleaner china than there are on the shelves of the White House, and the floors in the basements are bleached white from constant applications of soap and sand. The kitchen is in the northwest angle of the White House, under the vestibule, and the sleeping-rooms are adjacent, facing north. They are not generally occupied, for the help at the White House have the privilege of going home at night, and only on rare occasions do they use their rooms.

The steward and his assistants in waiting upon the President and his guests always wear swallow-tailed coats, black trousers and white vests, and everything must be scrupulously clean about a waiter before he is allowed to go into the private dining-room. As fast as a course is ready for the table it is sent up from the kitchen on a dumb-waiter, which is in a recess back of the ante-room on the right of the principal entrance to the White House. Inquiry among the oldest servants of the executive mansion revealed the fact that none of them had ever seen a rat about the house, although there were no cats or dogs on the premises. Even the kitchen and store-room are free, and always have been, from these pests, although the building is half a century old. On State occasions or for a large reception the corps of assistants to the cook is increased, and men cooks are always employed. There is plenty of room at the large range for all, and there is no confusion, no matter what the demand may be. A colored man is steward at the White House at a salary of $1,800 per annum, and the cook is paid a similar amount. The other servants are paid at a rate of $1.25 a day, and all the help are colored persons, even to the boy who dusts and sweeps the parlors.—*Washington Post.*

## THE RETURN HOME.

### How the Sister and Daughter Is Welcomed in Some Families.

Helen has been away on a visit of three weeks. Her friends have been kind and attentive, and have made her stay very pleasant; and yet she is glad to be at home once more, interested and pleased with the little changes about the house, and delighted to be with her family. In fact, she is so full of high spirits that she can not keep still, and rushes up to her sister's room, when she does not find her with the others. Constance kisses her, and hopes she is well. "O yes! perfectly well," says Helen, brightly. "That's a good thing, for there's plenty of work waiting to be done," returns her sister, "and we are pretty much tired out"—the tone seeming to imply that it is rather inconsiderate and selfish for Helen to feel well. Now, the traveler is tired after her journey, although in her delight she has forgotten that, and she goes downstairs somewhat subdued. However, she recovers speedily, and sitting in the dear old cosy sitting-room, she pours out quite a long story of the sayings and doings of the past few weeks. All are quiet, and seem to be listening, but presently her mother remarks: "Dear me, child, how you do run on!" Helen comes to a full stop somewhat abashed. "Why, I really thought, mamma, you would like to hear what I have been doing." "But you told us all those things in your letters. Have you unpacked yet?" "No ma'am; I thought I'd like to see you awhile first. I'll go now and begin." "Very well; it will be much better to get it done before supper; you won't want anything left over until to-morrow." The girl goes slowly upstairs to her work. Her spirits are low enough now; she almost wishes herself back among her gay young friends. Constance comes in while she is laying her clothes away. "I hope you'll be careful, for this room was swept up yesterday," said Constance. "Oh, thank you! But I am afraid you have had too much work. You must have missed me." "No; we got along very well," was the reply. It may sound queer, but Helen has a homesick feeling. Nobody is unkind; but she seems to be in the way, and an object of toleration. Is it not a wonder that she is ever glad to come home? "But that is not the way we do at our house." Certainly not. That is what Helen's family said to me when I told them this incident, with a change of names. The sister and daughter is always welcome—but they do not tell her so. She is a help and a comfort—but they never say so. How is it with you, dear reader?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## HOT-TEMPERED JUSTICE.

### A Bad State for Men Who Intend to Ride Other Men's Horses.

The Galveston *Daily News* says that during the last six months ninety and nine gentlemen have, by order of Judge Lynch, unwillingly adorned various lamp-posts and tree limbs. This large number of what it is pleased to call "disparted citizens" were guilty of murder, or horse-stealing, or incendiarism.

Justice seems to be rather hot-tempered in Texas. When a man is caught in a crime his removal from the scene of earthly ambition is decided upon at once. He is allowed about five minutes in which to confess the guilt of a lifetime on the ground that he would die of old age if he were permitted to tell the whole story, and then—well it is easy to guess what happens.

Our contemporary complains, however, that the Sheriff is far behind Judge Lynch in the number of his hangings. Whether it means to intimate that the Sheriff is a slow worker, and not abreast of the age, or that Lynch is a gentleman of rapid movement whom no regular official could hope to equal, is not known. One thing, at any rate, is plain—that Texas is a very bad State for a man who intends to ride a horse which he has taken out of a stable without the owner's leave.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## CONCRETE WALLS.

### How They Ought to Be Constructed—Suggestions by an Expert.

Many farmers are troubled, when intending or desiring to put cellar walls under basement barns, to provide sufficient support for the building while the wall is made. The building is supported upon posts or blocks, and these are in the way of a stone or brick wall. They cannot be removed, and as there is a post or block at each corner, the most important part of the wall is left poorly finished and very weak. I have just given a friend advice in such a case, and as his is a common experience, it may be useful to many of your readers. The wall, in such a case, is made of concrete; half hydraulic cement and half lime makes a wall sufficiently strong for any purpose, as the mortar so made is impenetrable by a tenpenny nail, which will bend and break before it can be driven into it. This makes the wall cost more than one-third less than if all cement is used. The first thing to be done is to level up the building upon a row of four by four oak or chestnut posts, and brace it firmly. Then the standards and box plank are set, and the wall built around these posts, enclosing them completely. They will never rot, if the precaution is taken to set each one upon a flat stone, which becomes a part of the wall. The corners need particular attention, as these will soon be bruised and broken if made square and sharp, and left unprotected. I have finished the corner by putting in a tier of stone or brick; if of stone, finishing it with squared faces, and having them lap in among the concrete to make broken joints. With brick, I make a half-square corner by building in the bricks which encloses the post against the brick, and in the concrete, and holds the brick very firmly, leaving no corners to be fractured. My friend's barn was forty-eight by forty, and a wall eight feet high, built in this way, cost him $88, a very small sum for a basement of nearly 2,000 square feet, where space is most valuable. The window frames and door frames are built into the wall, and in this case I had three-inch oak plank used, with anchor bolts built into the wall, to hold the frames firmly at the doors. I have found the door frames to work loose at times and give way, when they ought to be the strongest part of the structure.

In making concrete, the mixture is very important. As hydraulic cement sets and becomes hard very soon, and is damaged if disturbed afterward, it is best to mix only so much at once as can be used before it will set; and to prevent loss of time, the mixing should go on concurrently with the laying. The mixing is done as follows, and much time is saved by this method: The dry cement is mixed with three times as much dry sand, as evenly as possible. Three barrels of sand are spread on a large mixture platform, by twirling the barrels around so as to scatter the contents about three inches thick. The cement is then scattered over it in the same way, as evenly as may be. The mass is then thrown to the centre in a conical heap, which is flattened, and this is divided by throwing it again into two heaps, one on each side of the first one. These two heaps are then thrown together, and the mixing is sufficiently done. Five barrels of coarse broken stone—large flat ones are not broken, but are used to build in the wall—for each barrel of cement are put on to a second mixing platform, for ease in shoveling it, and the mass is wetted by throwing water over it. This is a small thing, but important, because it secures the adhesion of the cement and the solidity of the concrete. Everything is then ready to begin work. If lime is used, this is already slaked in the usual manner; the sand and cement are mixed with it by means of hoes, water being added to make a rather thin mortar; the wet stone is then worked in with hoes, until every piece is coated with cement, and the concrete is placed in the plank box and well rammed. If lime is not used, the cement and sand are mixed in a thinner mortar, as more water is taken up than when lime is used.—*Agricultural Engineer in Country Gentleman.*

### A Chapter of Contradictions.

It is singular how the virtues are distributed. An elephant weighing 95,000 pounds, when he is right mad, can elevate his proboscis, inflate his lungs and by straining every nerve to a point of rupture make a trumpet-like noise that can be heard half way down street, if the wind is right. Whereas, a canary bird, no bigger than a spool, thirty-four years old, blind as a bat and bald as an egg, can split his face clear back to his shoulders and shriek for three hours without taking breath in tones that make an ordinary fife sing bass. Verily, man is fearfully and wonderfully Maid of Athens and his clothes are not paid for. When he is a baby he cries because he can't walk and when he can walk he won't, and waits for hours for a street car or the elevator. If he is a little boy his mother dresses him exactly like a little girl and if he was a little girl he would wear a boy's hat and a sailor's suit. When he has good health he ruins it, and when it is ruined, he takes good care of it and declares he "never was better." He goes to sleep in church and goes to bed to lie awake and worry about things that may never happen or a morrow that may never dawn. What has all this to do with the elephant and the canary bird? Everything, my son, everything. It's about man, and man has something to do with everything he can catch and sell. Yes, I have even known a Christian judge to sell his fellow man—*R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Foucault varnished the skin of animals, and found that death followed in some instances in a few hours, but generally in one, two or three days. In all cases the quality of the blood was altered, and the mucous and serous membranes lining the interior of the body were diseased. Hence the very obvious demand for porosity in all our clothing which these facts so unanimously indicate.—*Boston Budget.*

—The safest three per cent. bond in the world appears to be that of the United States, which sells for 103½, then comes those of the State of Connecticut, which sell for 102½, and next those of Great Britain, which sell for 100. The three per cents. of France are only worth eighty-two.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Connecticut River, once a navigable stream for a considerable distance, is said to be drying up because of the destruction of the forests along its watershed.—*Hartford Post.*

—At a cattle-killing match at Sacramento recently, one man killed and dressed seven cattle in forty-seven minutes.—*San Francisco Call.*

## USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—The number of swine in this country increase about seventy-five per cent. in ten years.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Lovers of brown bread should have a tin made on purpose for it, round and tall, with a closely-fitting cover, in this genuine brown bread should be baked slowly for four hours.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Ginger Crisps.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of lard, one tablespoon of ginger, one dessertspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water and enough flour to make a smooth dough. Roll thin.—*The Household.*

—Fruit stains upon cloth or upon the hands may be removed by rubbing with the juice of ripe tomatoes. If applied immediately, powdered starch will also take fruit stains out of table linen. Left on the spot for a few hours, it absorbs every trace of the stain.—*Boston Globe.*

—There are now ten agricultural experiment stations in the United States, one each in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio, North Carolina, Alabama and Wisconsin, and two in New York, one at Geneva and one at Houghton Farm. The last named is sustained by private contribution.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Save all pieces of boards and bits of tough timber, and put them away in the barn or woodshed. How many times in a year does a farmer want a strip of board, a handle for a maul, or a stick for a pin, and if not at hand a whole board or fence rail must be cut, or perhaps half a day lost going to a wagon shop.—*Exchange.*

—Chicken Fritters.—Cut into neat pieces some tender cold chicken, and let them stand awhile in a mixture of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Make a batter of milk, flour and salt; stir the chicken into it and fry in hot butter, a bit of chicken in each spoonful of butter. Serve very hot, first draining off all the fat. Garnish with parsley.—*The Caterer.*

—Have music in the family circle. You will not find the husband, father or brother seeking amusement abroad on winter evenings, when his home is blessed with vocal and instrumental music. Music fills the soul with that pure, holy feeling which will fertilize the soul of friendship, and home, above all other places, should be attractive and happy.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

—For dogwood or ivy poisoning the following is said to be an infallible remedy: Boil wood ashes enough to make a strong lye; wash the poisoned parts in this; let it remain a few minutes, and wash off in soft, lukewarm water; when dry anoint with grease. Repeat this process as the poison develops itself, and one or two applications will cure the most obstinate case. It acts like magic.—*Boston Budget.*

—There are several effectual methods of removing grease from cloth. First, wet with a linen cloth dipped in chloroform. Second, mix four tablespoonfuls of alcohol with one tablespoonful of salt; shake together until the salt is dissolved, then apply with a sponge. Third, wet with weak ammonia water, then lay thin white blotting or tissue paper over it, and iron lightly with an iron not too hot. Fourth, apply a mixture of equal parts of alcohol, gin and aqua ammonia.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## WINTER WHEAT.

### Some Seasonable Suggestions as to the Proper Time of Sowing the Crop.

It is not necessary to get the surface of the soil fine and smooth for winter wheat. The late George Geddes said: "He would not let a man roll his wheat, if he would do it for nothing." He liked to see small clods on the surface, as they protected the young plants. All are agreed, however, that the soil underneath must be fine enough and moist enough to start the seed. Wheat likes a firm soil. What we call "clay spots," if drained and well plowed and made mellow enough underneath, produce the best wheat in the field. But we need careful plowing, and on such land it is not easy to get along without a roller. In fact, we have to harrow and roll and roll and harrow repeatedly, to get enough fine earth to cover the seed. On such land a drill is almost indispensable. It puts the seed down deep enough to reach the moist soil, while if sown broadcast much of the wheat would dry up among the clods. Thirty-five or forty years ago, when the Hessian fly injured our wheat, it was not considered safe to sow wheat before the 10th of September, and from that to the 15th or 25th of the month. But in 1855 the midge appeared. This insect attacked, especially, the late crops of wheat. We looked for earlier varieties of wheat, and practiced earlier sowing. Some farmers sowed as early as the last week in August, and very many aimed to get in all their wheat by the first week in September. For many years the midge has not troubled us; but farmers still find it desirable to sow early. Occasionally a crop is injured from too early sowing, but taking one year with another, experience seems to indicate that it is better to sow on the 5th of September than on the 15th, and still more so than on the 25th. If, as some fear, the Hessian fly is about to visit us again, we shall be compelled to sow later; and if so we shall have to make our land richer. Probably those of us who drill in superphosphate with our wheat will find it better to use a higher-grade article, containing a higher percentage of ammonia or available nitrogen. We shall want something to give the plants a good start and push them rapidly forward. By this we do not mean to say that the plants can be pushed out of harm's way from the Hessian fly, but the extra plant-food will, to a considerable extent, make up for the delay in sowing, and in many seasons give us larger crops than we should have if we had sown earlier without manure, or with nothing but plain superphosphate.—*Agriculturist.*

### Oil-Pipe Scrapers.

The pipes by which petroleum is transported from the oil regions to the seaboard are cleaned by means of a stem two and a half feet long, having at its front end a diaphragm made of wings, which can fold on each other and thus enable it to pass an obstruction it cannot remove. This machine carries a set of steel scrapers, somewhat like those used in cleaning boilers. It is put into the pipes and propelled by the pressure transmitted from the pumps from one station to another. Relays of men follow the scraper by the noise it makes in its progress, one party taking up the pursuit as the other is exhausted. They must not let it get out of their hearing, for if it stops unnoticed its location can only be established by cutting the pipe.